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# Lehigh REVIEW



## Passing In REVIEW

### • ATTEN-SHUN

At the left, we give you an intimate glimpse of a Colonel's molars. Perhaps the picture was snapped just as he burst into the part about "when Irish eyes are smiling." Or was it, "mighty like a rose?" The officer is Courtland Carrier, '39, Commander in Chief of the Lehigh R.O.T.C. unit, Vice President of Scabbard and Blade, and Chairman of the Military Ball Committee. Tie onto this: single, white, and twenty-one, now you've really got something.

### • BIRTH OF ALLEGIANCE

The unrepresented rise again. The "townies" are organizing. Approximately seven hundred students will pay allegiance to the Town Council, assuming that the petition goes through and the organizers prove themselves able. There is a definite need for this organization. We wish you luck.

over, please

Lou Stoumen

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Editorials • Cartoons • Disc Data

Twenty Cents

Harry Harchar



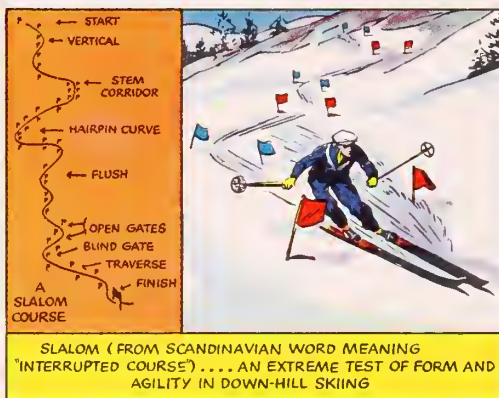
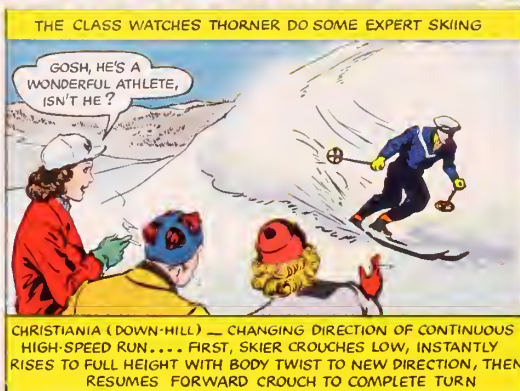
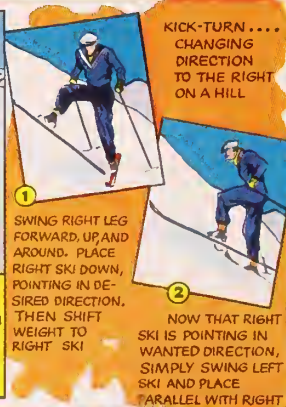


# "SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY  
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,  
DIRECTOR  
MOUNT  
WASHINGTON  
(N.H.) SWISS  
SKIING SCHOOL



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



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TOBACCOS**

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FROM FINER, MORE  
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS  
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## LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES



# PASSING IN REVIEW

## • CORNER CUT

Carl Sandburg looks at Bethlehem's Mexican village. Frank Norris gives you the story in the next issue.

## • WE FEEL

That the question of the American Student Union at Lehigh has reached a prominence altogether out of proportion with its immediate importance. After all the intention of the ASU advocates is to organize a **minority** and not a revolution. The duty of that minority will be to **educate** and not agitate. They feel that principles behind the ASU are sincere and practicable. As a member of a national organization, the local group will be best equipped to educate the student body to be a welded group for peace and democracy.

In direct contrast to the Lehigh rumpus, the American Student Union was born nobly and lives nobly. Its career has been a fighting career, and that is to be said in its favor. Minorities are born out of group interests and can be justified solely in that they represent the common opinion of their members. As soon as we refuse to tolerate minorities, we refuse to tolerate a difference of opinion and that is not democracy.

The American Student Union is to be commended most of all in that it was spontaneous in birth and grew because it attracted people of common ideals. Its origin was as pure as the conception of the democracy it wishes to defend. It is unfortunate that an organization that is admittedly idealistic in the hope of a permanent democracy should be forced to use the minority theory for its own defense. That such a situation is forced at Lehigh becomes a tragic joke on everybody concerned. But we don't feel like laughing.

## • EXPOSE

Weiss does not exhale printed matter. This was the former contention of his associates who are intimate with his work on publications. The hypothesis that Eric held a blank page of eightanahalfbyeleven paper before his face and breathed print upon it seems to be ill-founded. His rapid writing abilities have been made clear to us in simpler terms. Dave Hughes burst into Weiss' room one evening to impart some vital information about something. Of course this is not important. The important thing is that Dave in looking around the place for Eric discovered a very odd machine in the closet. It was just such a machine as you see here. Upon closer investigation it proved to be a short story writing machine. He put some eightanahalfbyeleven paper into the opening indicated by the word "IN," pushed some buttons, pulled some levers then sat down notebook in hand and took notes on the incident in its entirety. The story that came out of the opening indicated by the word "OUT" is reprinted in this issue. We are sorry to reveal "all this" but truth reigns at a price.

## • ON THE CARPET

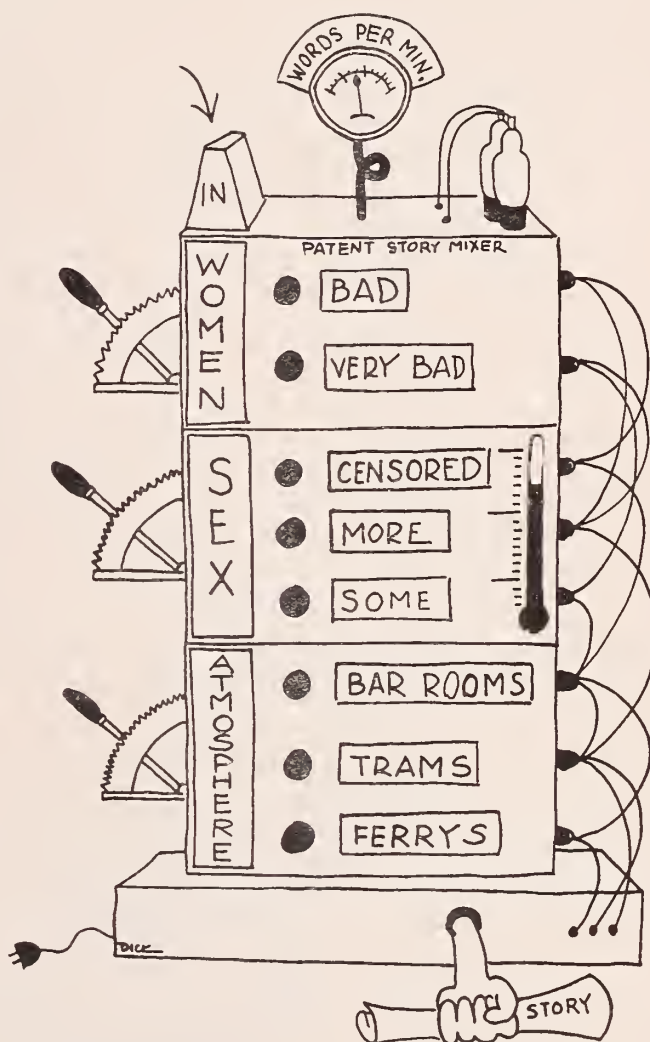
When ex-Editor Stoumen ended his column last month with the words "Prosit and Tally Ho!" he wasn't just kidding. Bored by education and hopped up over the pub-

lication of his first book "Speech For The Young" he fell into hallucinations of himself as a youthful author making good in the big city. He quit the Editor's job, appointed us acting Editor until the board met, and prepared his safari for the trip to Manhattan. Stoumen finally came down to earth, decided to finish school. Allowing his resignation to stand, he accepted the softer job of Associate Editor, enabling him to spend more time to market his book, pass one or two courses, and catch up on his sleep.

Then things started to pop.

The Board of Publications withheld approval of his election, asked him, the new Editor and the other Associate Editor to attend a little carpet session in the Dean's office.

One at a time we were called behind the closed doors of the sanctum sanctorum, questioned, and dismissed. Did



we think that Louis Stoumen should hold his new job? Was he fit? Capable? Yes, we did. We elaborated. We thought Stoumen had done a swell job. We were dismissed.

Why was Stoumen put on the carpet? Purportedly for a breach in procedure. He had failed to have his last

column read by one or the other of the Associated Editors as required by the constitution of the **Review**. The real purpose of the investigation, however, apparently was to pin ex-Editor Stoumen's ears back for his recent outspoken columns—in which, among other things, he criticized Professor Carothers' teaching of Economics, advocated the granting of recognition to a Lehigh chapter of the American Student Union, campaigned for "culture for engineers," and voiced caustic opinion of the writing of "Wholly American" Parsons on athletic and educational policy running monthly in the "Alumni Bulletin."

When Stoumen was questioned concerning these matters, he told the Board that if it contemplated disciplinary action on him he felt it only just that the job be done not on the constitutional question but by the new University rule which gives the Board unlimited powers over publications whose editorial policies are not "in harmony" with the "educational purposes" of the school. He said he felt the constitutional question was a pretext.

One of the more irate Board members replied, demagogical, that the Board could take any action it saw fit and didn't have to give reasons. This same member said further that just one more column like the recent ones

would see the whole **Review** staff out on its collective ear. Fortunate upshot of the investigation, however, was that Stoumen's election to the Associate Editorship was unanimously approved.

The "Brown and White" summed up the whole matter neatly: "To have used one violation of a constitutional technicality would have appeared a poorly disguised punishment for his (Stoumen's) recent outspoken condemnation of many administration policies."

The **Review** is glad the Board approved Stoumen's election. It regrets the inquisition. It will continue, despite the threat of the carpet session, to be "outspoken." Editorial punches, for their greater effectiveness, will continue to be hard. But they will be above the belt, and, until we have a censor (as was specifically threatened at the carpet session), they will not be pulled.

## • DIRTY BOOKS

He wore a lean and hungry look. He needed culture, needed it bad. But how? How could this poor E. E. admit a ray of light through the tightly woven web of a highly specialized roster? Ah! He had it! Why not take Contemporary Literature and absorb all of the wisdom of literature in the latest revised edition. Why had he not thought of it before? It was decided, he needed the official O.K. from the department head, then he was all set. The Professor glanced over the roster and shot a question. Did our engineer know what they did in Contemporary Literature. No, not exactly, what did they do? Why, they just read a lot of dirty modern books. The engineer fought back the tears of disappointment that welled to his eyes and signed up for a course in the history of architecture.

Tears well to our eyes too. Here we have been pounding at the hard shell of the engineering school for a period of years over this culture business. From time to time a voice from within our allegorical shell fish cries out in agreement. We are reassured. Then one day a God-fearing engineer comes along and innocently enough pries open the shell. What do we find inside? The answer is nothing, absolutely nothing. The echoes of assenting comment are lost in silence. Dirty books! We are disillusioned.



# Lehigh REVIEW

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# 'Snowonder she likes Old Golds!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets  
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket  
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

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Ask  
Her reasons?  
Don't be  
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A woman gives  
Answers  
Not reasons.  
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Not because they're  
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Smoother tobaccos  
But because their  
Delightful  
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Flavor happens to  
Please her taste  
And because every  
Old Gold reaches  
Her lips as FRESH  
As the day it  
Was born.  
In some countries  
"Ski" is pronounced  
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But in U.S.A.,  
She pronounces "O.G.,"  
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Truly fresh and  
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Cigarette.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

## For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

## THE FABLE OF THE FOOLISH KING

by Howard J. Lewis

Once upon a time in a kingdom very far away (it was really a mythical kingdom) there lived a very wise man. He was not just an ordinary wise man. This one was a very, very wise man. He knew all the answers. But the ruler of the country was a stupid man, O! very stupid. Anybody who knew anything, or, I should say, anybody who had anything knew that the leader was a very unintelligent man. He believed that poor people should always have something to eat. Even the poor people knew that this was false because all the newspapers knew it was false and everybody read the newspapers because it was a very intelligent country, all except for the king and his cabinet. The cabinet and the monarch's advisors were also very stupid. Some of them were college professors.

The monarch, as a boy, had been sent with his retinue, to the United States to learn all about economics so that he could rule his country well. While he was here he learned all the best prin-

ciples of economics, which, if not applied, would be successful in any country. For one thing he learned that when labor-saving machines are invented and mass-production methods are developed there is far greater production and everybody benefits down to the smallest worker. Of course the workers who were put out of work by the new labor saving machinery would find work elsewhere and everybody would profit immensely because you could get so much more for your money. It was the ideal solution to all the economic problems. Everybody in his country now would work less and make a lot of money and have plenty of time to spend it. It was all perfectly obvious that this was what he had been seeking for years.

The crown prince returned to his native country amid the hurrahs and shrieks of the loyal subjects of his father. But in time his father died, and wiping a tear from his silken cheek the young monarch was already making

plans for his new economic program. Right after his coronation he was married. The honeymoon was rather short and quiet since they had never been introduced. But all this was smoothed over by the prime minister and once more the king set about to plan his American system that would make his people happy.

And so one day he pulled up his solid gold chair to his solid gold desk and started to write a speech to his people telling them about the new plan and what they should do. He said that everyone should save his money and buy a lot of machinery and all the manufacturers would be subsidized by the government to buy labor-saving machinery and to install mass-production methods. At first the king was afraid to give the subsidy to industry because that would be government interference and he was afraid that the manufacturers would kick. That shows how stupid he was.

After he got off this message to the people he settled back with a smile and waited for the golden era of prosperity which was lurking behind the corner. But prosperity never came. All the

Page twenty-five, please.

### OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

VISITS THE  
NEW YORK MUSEUM  
OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY  
IN RADIO CITY

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME HERE WITH US, UNCLE GEORGE

YOU'LL SEE OVER 2000 WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD EXPLAINED IN HERE, CHUBBINS

A PICK-A-BACK PLANE IS TOO HEAVILY LOADED (FOR LONG FLIGHT) TO TAKE OFF FROM THE WATER, THUS MUST BE LAUNCHED IN MID-AIR

ISN'T THAT AMAZING? ONE PLANE CARRYING ANOTHER ON ITS BACK!

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A PLANE COULD HARDLY GET ITSELF UP IN THE AIR

ROB THAT SEA-DEPTH RECORDER HAS TAKEN A LOT OF RISK OUT OF OCEAN NAVIGATION

THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE CAN HAVE SUCH FAST, LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINERS, HUH, DAD?

#### HOW THE FATHOMETER INSTANTLY RECORDS HOW FAR A SHIP IS FROM SEA-BOTTOM.....

- 1 OPERATOR ON BRIDGE STARTS ELECTRIC DEVICE
- 2 SOUND IS SENT OUT FROM HULL
- 3 SOUND HITS SEA-BOTTOM, ECHOES BACK TO SHIP
- 4 SOUND RECEIVED IN HULL
- 5 INDICATOR ON BRIDGE MEASURES TIME OF ROUND TRIP IN TERMS OF FATHOMS OF WATER (1 FATHOM=6 FEET)

YES, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO GET A LOT MORE OUT OF LIFE, EH, ROB?

YES, WE'RE RE-MINDED OF THAT WITH EVERY PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WE SMOKE----

TRUE--THAT PA. NO-BITE PROCESS LETS A MAN ENJOY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE

NOWADAYS, A MAN CAN ENJOY ALL THE FULL, REAL RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT A BIT OF HARSHNESS, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT

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**PRINCE ALBERT**  
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**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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by Stanley Galinsky '40

**B**OUQUET of the month goes to the Military Ball Committee for their selection of Glenn Miller and his orchestra. No finer compromise between sweet and swing could have been made. This outfit possesses an outstanding brass section which does wonders with Miller's intricate arrangements. Incidentally don't think that Glenn is stealing Tommy Dorsey's stuff when you hear him for it's quite the contrary. Dorsey and Miller are close friends and it is Miller arrangements that T. D. often features. Glenn's taste in music is almost impeccable. His Hot Jazz is hot in the negroid vein with the added advantage of sensible arrangements, while his dance music is rhythmically perfect, abetted by the vocalizing of Ray Eberle and eyefilling Marion Hutton. He's our choice for the best band that has appeared at Lehigh in many a year.

This month's recordings show a marked improvement over last. Four recordings take honors for the most exciting. First, because of its unusual success, is the Metronome All Star Band's recording of *Blue Lou* and *The Blues*. Aside from its exceptional performances its chief claim to fame that it is the first time a band of this kind, including rival band leaders and individual stars, has really clicked. In *Blue Lou* the work of the five man sax section is practically perfect with an almost unbelievable blend by men who had never played together before. Goodman, who played in the sax section, even had to borrow an instrument because he hadn't played his in such a long time. Other highlights are Eddie Miller's tenor sax and Jack Teagarden's hot trombone. The *Blues* outstanding passage is the opening one in which Tommy Dorsey plays a straight trombone lead and Jack Teagarden plays a hot chorus around him. The three rhythm men from the Crosby band, Badauc, Haggart, and Zurke, team up to put a fine finish on the number. Incidentally the proceeds of this record are being donated to charity by Victor if

that makes any difference to youse college guys.

Second mention goes to a terrific recording by one of the most original bands, Jimmy Lunceford's. Jimmy breaks in under the Vocalion label with one of his famous Jimmy Young—band chorus numbers, *Tain't What You Do*. It starts with a simple rhythm, builds into Young's vocal, and then tears into a terrific finish with Jimmy Crawford's drums. Most amazing is the perfect balance with which the piece is executed yet retaining a killer atmosphere. The other side *Cheatin' On Me* has a swell sax opening (Willie Smith?) and features the Lunceford trio and Jimmy Young. The versatility of this outfit is boundless. Each of the six vocalists plays an instrument in the band and all are capable of top-notch instrumental and vocal solos.

Splitting third honors are Decca's Andy Kirk and Count Basie. Basie with his tremendous rhythm figures gets off some powerful riffs in *Panasie Stomp*. As usual the rhythm quartet is best but trombonist Dickie Wells comes in for a share of glory in an unusual solo. The backing, *Do You Want To Jump Children*, is noteworthy for the Count's piano treatment of a popular tune. Kirk's contribution is *Jump Jack Jump* with well nigh perfect smoothness exhibited by the sax ensemble. Mary Lou Williams piano is in extremely good taste and builds up the smooth finish. The reverse, *Ghost Of Love*, is a typical sentimental Kirk ballad with the romantic vocalizing handled by Pha Terrell.

Last but not least is the biggest surprise of the month—Charlie Barnett's appearances back to the recording wars with a truly sensational outfit on the Bluebird label. After barnstorming for three years with mostly one nighters he has assembled an array of talent that is worthy of his library of arrangements and terrific work on the sax. Not content with being one of the best imitators of

## New Victor Records

- 26161—  
Sweet Little Buttercup  
I've Got a Little List  
Larry Clinton and His  
Orchestra
- 26159—  
(Gotta Get Some) Shut Eye  
Good for Nothing But Love  
Benny Goodman and His  
Orchestra
- 26148—  
I'm So Weary of It All  
Never Again  
Tommy Dorsey and His  
Orchestra

## Album of Artie Shaw's Ten Leading Hit Numbers

- B-1024—  
Carioca  
Bill
- B-10125—  
The Donkey Serenade  
My Heart Stood Still
- B-10126—  
Lover Come Back to Me  
Rosalie
- B-10127—  
Zigeuner  
Supper Time
- B-10128—  
The Man I Love  
Villa  
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at  
the  
**TOP HAT**  
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to  
**Military Ball**

Joe Kinney

# THE FOOL

ONCE upon a time there lived a very lovely lady with sea green eyes and midnight hair and a rich and influential father. She was the Lady Alicia and she lived with her father, the Lord Barnol, in a damp stone castle on the hill above the little village that the lord owned. The Lady Alicia was a sorceress. She had learned the basis of her art from Morgan la Fey herself and she was well trained in both the black and white varieties.

Since she was Lord Barnol's only child and since no one knew that she was a full-fledged sorceress (she had learned by mail) it was not surprising that by the time she was sixteen, several high born nobles had asked her father for her hand in marriage. But her father loved her almost as dearly as he loved himself and he could hardly bear the thought of parting with her, especially since he had promised her a dowry of two hundred and fifty full-blooded hogs and one-quarter of the manor; the swamp quarter. She had gotten the promise in writing.

So the lord sent all these wife-seeking nobles about their business without much ado. As the Fool said, "It is only natural that a man should want to preserve his dearest possessions," which everybody thought was a very touching sentiment, especially when you considered that a Fool had said it. For the Fool, as his belled cap testified, was quite mad and would never be able to think as sane folk do.

The Fool was the son of a scullery maid, as everyone knew, but he was a sorcerer himself, in a modest way, which was something that everyone did not know. For while he was still only a baby, the Devil, disguised as a traveling tinker, had been repairing a pot in the kitchen. The Devil had offered to sell the Fool's mother two charms that he said would do the baby no end of good in later life. Not recognizing the arch fiend, the poor scullery maid had bought the charms for her child and paid for them in coin that she knew well.

So the Fool owned two charms. The first was one that enabled him to make people laugh at what he said,

which was white magic. The second was a charm that made him able always to see the truth in all things, and this was the blackest of black magic through and through. These two abilities were enough to cinch for him the position of Fool in the court of his lord and to make everyone absolutely sure that he was completely crazy. The Fool was a privileged character and was only beaten occasionally for his antics and for the things that he said, for it was plain that everything he did and said was very funny, and he was such a simple character that he could never be accused of meaning any harm.

For a time at the castle everything went very nicely. Nobles would come, ask for the Lady Alicia's hand, Lord Barnol would think of the two hundred and fifty blooded hogs, and the nobles would go on their way. The lady herself had no particular interest in the matter, for she was quite busy and contented with her lessons in magic and her tapestries and very seldom went to a movie. But that spring, just after plowing time, a young knight followed by a squire came splashing down the mud rut that led to the drawbridge, clattered up to the door and beat on it with the butt of his lance.

"Well," asked the doorman, "what do you want?"

"I want to see Lord Barnol," the knight rumbled through his face grating.

"What about?" the doorman persisted.

"A personal matter," the knight huffed.

"O. K.," the doorman said wearily and he opened the doors a crack so the youth could get in. "Leave it open," he told his assistant. "This kind always comes right out again."

With his helmet under his arm, the knight was ushered into the room where Lord Barnol was playing odd and even with himself and cheating.

"Well?" snarled the crusty old gent.

"I," said the youth, pausing for dramatic effect, "am the eldest son of the king of England."

The lord turned quickly and looked at the proud young knight. The boy was tall and slim. His nose was sharp

and aristocratic. His mouth, a little small perhaps, was firm and set. He stood firmly and looked without fear squarely into the lord's eyes.

"Indeed," Lord Barnol said, playing coy. "Can you prove it?"

"Prove it?" questioned the youth, registering astonishment. "Prove it? What do you mean? I *am* the son of the king of England. What more can you ask for? I have *said* that I am."

"Do you have any documents, any letters, anything that will show me that you are the son of the king and not just a swineherd?"

"I see," the young knight said getting huffy again. "You don't believe me." And with that he dropped his helmet to the floor, denting it, and he drew his sword, nearly throwing his shoulder out of joint with the effort. "Draw, sir, for you have insulted me and we must fight."

"Now wait," Lord Barnol told him, standing up and getting behind his chair. "Don't be hasty. Let's talk this over."

"My sword will talk." And with that the knight swung his sword through the air making it whistle and barely keeping his balance.

"Take it easy. Take it easy." Lord Barnol waved his hand nervously. "Put down that sword before one of us gets hurt."

"Ah," the young knight gloated, and steadying his sword carefully he put the tip of it to Lord Barnol's Adam's apple, which bobbed fitfully. "Now, milord, do you believe that I am the eldest son of the king of England, or do I stick you, like a pig, through the throat?"

"Yes, yes," Lord Barnol swallowed quickly and popped his eyes out as far as they would go. "Of course, the eldest son of the king of England. There is no doubt of it."

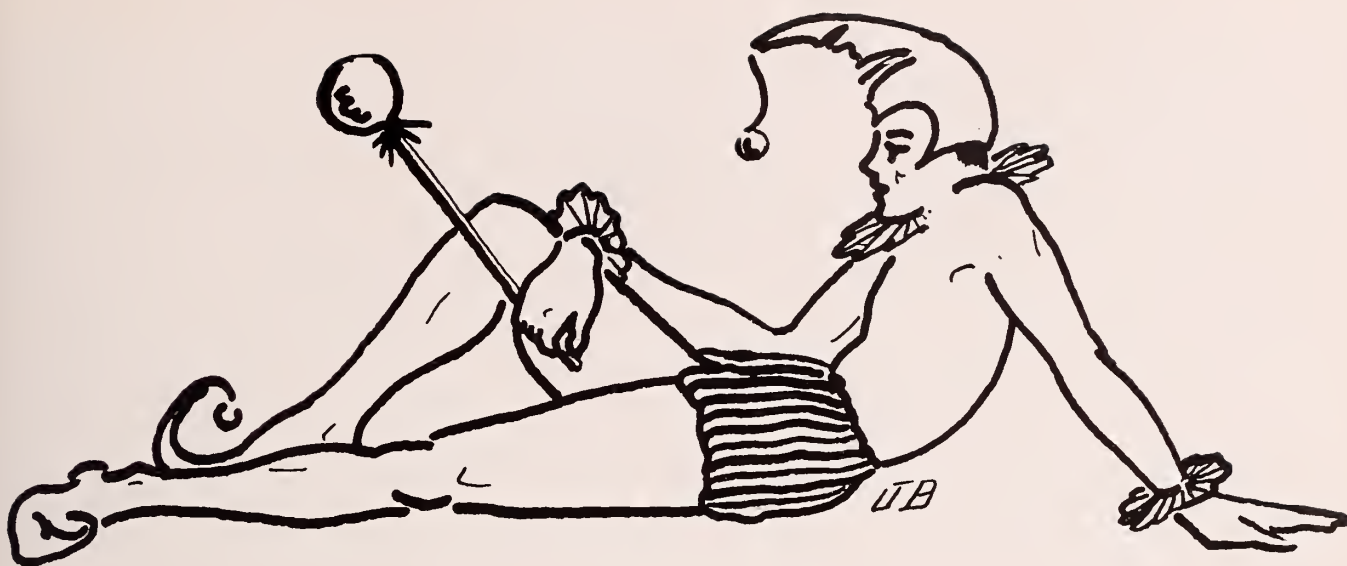
"Good." The knight drew back his sword.

"You ought to get him to put it in writing," the Fool advised quietly from his place beside the fire-place where he had been silently watching the whole thing.

The knight looked startled but when he saw the belled cap he laughed heartily, throwing his head back and opening his mouth wide. "You truly have the funniest Fool in England," he told Lord Barnol. "For

by Eric Weiss, '39





even if you could write, I could never read it. And furthermore the word of a lord is good enough for me." Lord Barnol laughed too but not very merrily. He felt his neck gingerly and looked at the tips of his fingers.

"Now," said the knight, full of business. "Now that that is settled, let's have a little chat."

"Have a chair, sir,—may I call you Prince?"

"Just Edward," the knight replied modestly.

"What seems to be troubling you," Lord Barnol asked pleasantly, "or are you here on some official business?"

"I have heard of the beauty of your daughter, the Lady Alicia, and I have come to ask you for her hand in marriage."

"Well!" The Lord was surprised and a little overcome.

"Yes, will you give your consent to the marriage?"

"Don't you think," the Fool suggested boldly, "that you ought to see her before you get yourself engaged to her?"

"He'll kill me," the young knight screamed, rolling on the floor in his mirth. "See the lady before I am betrothed to her. What an amazingly funny thought!"

Lord Barnol laughed until the tears ran down his face.

The knight got up, straightening his sword where he had bent it in rolling on the floor. "Let us be serious for a moment. Will you give your daughter to me in marriage?"

"Are you sure you're in love with her?"

"Madly and completely."

"Is the king agreed?"

"Quite."

"Let me consider the matter a moment." Lord Barnol leaned his head on his hand to simulate thought as he had been taught by his daughter.

"There is nothing to consider. I am the king's son. I am unmarried. I am in love with your daughter. I have asked for her hand. You can do nothing but grant it."

Lord Barnol bit his lip, as he had been instructed to do in difficult situations. "Let me consider," he repeated, hoping that something would happen. And so, by God, something did happen.

The door hangings parted and the lovely Lady Alicia, eyes, hair, and all, paced into the room. "Oh," she said, putting her hand to her mouth and stopping.

Lord Barnol rose. The knight had already turned and was staring in frank admiration at the lady. "My dear," Lord Barnol said, "may I present Edward, eldest son of the king of England. Edward, this is my daughter, the Lady Alicia. Alicia, Edward has come to ask for your hand in marriage." Alicia colored as prettily as she was able, which was very pretty indeed, and dropped a curtsy.

"My lords," she said demurely, "pardon my intrusion. I had no idea - -"

"But," the Fool put in calmly, "she knew he was here all the time."

"Be still!" The lady snapped at him and her hands clenched for she was beginning to suspect that the Fool knew too much truth. "That is ridiculous." Her voice was hard and sharp. The Fool stared at her stupidly.

"Edward and I have some matters to discuss," Lord Barnol suggested.

"Of course." The Lady Alicia was demure again and her voice was carefully modulated and low. "I shall retire." She curtsied again and paraded to the door, walking in such a way that she passed close enough to the Fool to cuff him as she went by.

"There is," said the knight, "one matter. A dowry. How much dowry goes with the Lady Alicia?"

"Oh," said the Lord Barnol, off-handedly. "A man in your position need not worry about a dowry."

"Quite true. I do not need a dowry, but it is the principle of the thing."

"You can be sure that the dowry will be quite substantial and in keeping with my position as a lord of the realm."

"How much?" The knight almost sounded grasping.

"Do you like pigs?" the Fool asked pleasantly.

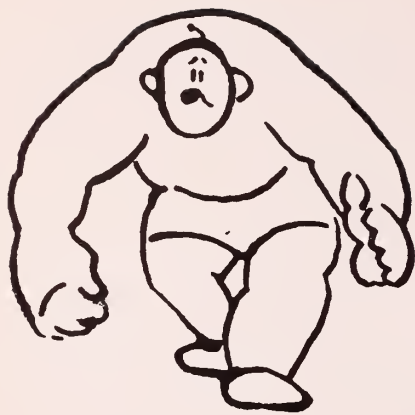
The young knight went off into another laughing fit but his lordship only said, "Ha,ha," in a perfunctory sort of way.

"Sir Fool," Lord Barnol said, "go to the Lady Alicia and tell her that I would like to see her here as soon as possible."

The Fool unfolded himself and shambled out without speaking, for even a Fool knows that there are times when it is best to be silent. He went directly to the lady's room.

"Well," she said, "what do you want?" She was even shorter and nastier to him than usual.

"He is young, and strong, and handsome," the Fool said, leaning



## Five Good Reasons...

### Preview of the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Tournament and Lehigh's Chances to Win.

by Carl Fittkau '40

**T**HE winner and still champion of the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association — Lehigh University.

Lehigh should win hands down with more than 30 points. Why? Five individual champions in the persons of Bob Craig at 136, Hal Masem at 145, Captain Ed Hagerman at 155, Thompson King at 165, and "Monk" Matthes at 175, will give Lehigh sufficient advantage to overcome a well-balanced Yale squad.

Every year it seems that some one goes off the deep end in prophesying championships and champions in wrestling but the present Lehigh squad, with its remarkable record, helps to clear up the crystal ball to the point where predictions can be made with a small prayer, barring injuries or weight shifts. Using a new system this year, records of teams and individuals, here's how the dope comes out of old Dunderbeck's grinder.

Princeton and Penn State, formerly strong contenders, have shown by their dual meet records that they have the weakest teams in years. Syracuse, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia have lost a number of matches which definitely place them out of the running. Harvard is an unknown quantity but there is little indication that the Cambridge boys will threaten. Yale, the only other team in the league, looked very strong on paper but Lehigh's 17-11 victory dismissed that myth, although Yale will still be the team to beat.

The 136 pound title to Bob Craig probably seems the most questionable of the selections but, Craig has definitely shown himself as the leader in that class, and Trousdell of Cornell has a good chance of sneaking under the wire to garner third.

Byrd of Yale loomed as the strongest contender in this class with vic-

tories over Gregg of Cornell, and McKee of Penn but the Lehigh sophomore took Byrd into camp at Yale without too much difficulty. Consequently it should be Craig as champion, Byrd second, and third place a dogfight between the other contenders.

Hal Masem and Gus Hagerman should have little difficulty in gaining titles to replace those they won last year but renounced when they went up a class in the weight system. If they can produce, they will join the exclusive three of twenty-nine previous Lehigh champions who have won titles in different weight classes.

Masem easily stands head and shoulders above the contenders in the 145 pound class. Undefeated at that weight, he numbers Gerber of Yale, one of the strongest candidates, among his victims. Nothing short of a landslide or broken bones can stop the muscle man. Scalzo of Penn State and Ed Holt of Columbia should also show ability in this class. However, neither of them should be strong enough to take Gerber, who will probably take second; they may get points for their teams on falls and one of them should appear in the show position.

Since "Gus" Hagerman repulsed E. Latson of Yale in a dual meet, he should have little difficulty in taking the blue ribbon. None of the other 155 pounders have shown enough ability to threaten the Lehigh captain. Eagan of Penn was defeated by Scull of Princeton but the latter lost in turn to the Yale man by a fall. Barnes of Harvard could only draw with Eagan. Latson should come in with the second place medal and Trousdell of Cornell has a good chance of sneaking under the wire to garner third.

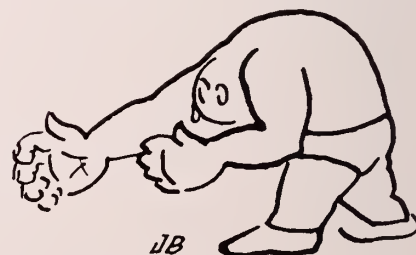
Now that Tommy King has pinned the books right down to his desk his debut in Eastern Intercollegiate competition should bring him home with the gold medal in the 165 pound class. King, ineligible for the Easterns

in previous years but noted for his wrestling in the Olympic trials in his freshman year, should sweep through his division. Although this class is loaded with good opposition in the persons of Gifford of Princeton, Daughaday of Harvard, Bachman of Penn State and Clark of Yale, King should have little difficulty.

Daughaday, leading Harvard wrestler and victor over Gifford by a fall will be competing with Clark for second honors and the Cambridge boy should come through handily. Bachman has not returned to his last year's form and until then he remains an outside threat. Third place will be a toss-up between Clark and Gifford.

Joe Matthes will make things buzz in the 175 pound class as he too makes his initial bow in E. I. W. A. competition. Matthes has already defeated Ray Bortz of Penn State, one of his strongest rivals and his present form should assure a victory over Taylor of Columbia, former Metropolitan Scholastic champion at 165 pounds. Bortz, wrestling at heavyweight last year, has the edge in strength and experience, enough to give him the edge over Taylor and second place. Taylor, victor over Harkliss of Princeton, who in turn defeated Stickney of Penn, should capture third place.

These are the five good reasons why Coach "Billy" Sheridan should



be bringing back his tenth championship wrestling team from the Yale mats Sunday morning, March 12. Incidentally this same Mr. Sheridan is a very good reason why Lehigh has been in charge of the East-





## FOUR YEAR KALEIDOSCOPE

by Lester R. Bittel '40

"YOU are getting a chance to enjoy what will be the four happiest years of your life . . ."

You came to college to get ahead or at least that is what you were told. You came to college for an education, to prepare yourself more thoroughly for the business of living according to Hoyle and getting ahead, getting somewhere, and becoming somebody.

Take an Arts Course and get culture: apply the culture scientifically. Take an Engineering Course and acquire the culture. Flip a coin. Tails, it's Engineering.

Life at college: freshmen are wise guys, no they're not, they're human—scientific approach. And you read Percy Marks and you are a small frog in a big pool. Living is interesting and swell because that is college life: football games and cuts and studying and not studying, being in contact with brilliant men, movies and beer and bull sessions.

Bull sessions are worth while. Listen to the Big Fellows who know nothing and prove everything to their own satisfaction. But you are a freshman and it's all over your head. You are in a well with the campus whirlwind around above you.

And what impresses you most about the University? Some Century architecture, beautiful buildings immense and hard with tiazza floors and marble and field stone. New orange buildings that contrast the grey monstrosities of the last century. But you are lucky. Fortunate. You are an Engineer and receive the finest services

that the facilities offer.

It's all brilliant and shiny like chromium and black marble and red leather.

And after a while you begin to discover things that were not there before. Black turns grey and chromium tarnishes and red fades and loses its gloss.

There are idle rumors that our social system is not ideal. Some people actually believe that all is not well with life. Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway and Dos Passos and Dreiser seem to think that life is not simple, is not complex. Distribution and Virtue and Justice are treated in a most disrespectful manner.

So you read books and open your mind to the thinkers. But you find that the brilliant minds are not so keen as before. Modern brick buildings with glossy marble floors and white plaster class-rooms echo the voices of the oracles with gold keys on their watch chains. Listen and learn and you discover that what men say is nothing: words flow out of their mouths like exhaust from an engine, but the words don't add up.

And what about the old buildings: founded with a purpose. Amidst a mass of corroding iron and rotting wood and aging stone and decaying minds, black words stare at you from the white paper of text books. There is reality. Science, they call it. Proper assumptions—logical conclusions. Just substitute in the formula.

Try once more. Take a Cultural Course: contact intelligent people, intelligent professors. Intelligent professors talk and are afraid to talk something; so say nothing and words

are sounds.

You grasp. And what you clutch in your hand is *nothing*.

It's your Junior year and you cool off.

Maybe there is something in the Scientific Approach. Take it easy: examine the problem from all angles. How many angles in a circle? Infinite problems and infinite solutions.

Yet men write books and say nothing and answer problems to their own satisfaction. It's all rounded off and smoothed down. Take it easy: read Voltaire, Swift, Zola. Scientific Approach—and yet they seemed overwhelmed equally by life's simplicity and complexity. Simple vs. Complex. Are they just embittered old men who snarl satire because they are trapped in a well?

Cause and effect and the Scientific Approach.

Take it easy.

Look about you and get the meaning out of college life.

Marks are in a way a measure of one's ability: marks don't mean a thing.

Friendship for friendship's sake. Connections are what count. Big man on campus, be popular, learn to cooperate. Be individualistic. Fraternity handshake. *Hello*. Get out what you put in you're wasting your time. Yes. No. Yes.

Flip a coin—It won't stand on end.

All right. Go down the hill, drink beer: see life in the raw. Don't read about it. Life in the raw. Heredity and environment in shells of cosmetics and clothes and customs. Town girls, popular girls; buy dates, buy popularity; with lips, bodies. Lips,

# Yah, Studink!

by Dave Hughes, '39

Alien hands give birth to a freak of fiction. See page one for details of Weiss' story mixer.

THINGS have a way of happening that is often quite different from what you would expect, and as often as not the result is separated from the cause in a manner that is absolutely baffling. What I mean, the time that you went down to Joe's for a quick one becomes the next morning in Eco 3 and you are wondering vaguely where the right sleeve of your coat has gone, or like the fall houseparty where you only said to your date that Dorsey's vocalist had Umph and then it was much later and every one else had left and you were thinking that maybe she had meant what she said about going home with Jim. But last Tuesday a week is not at all confused and you can trace the course of events backwards and forwards in your mind and in fact you have been doing just that for so long that you know the damn thing by heart, so why not write it out and send it to the Review, you think, because they seem to be printing that sort of stuff, and so you do.

It is last Tuesday a week and you are sitting on the hill to hill bridge and feeling like hell because you know tomorrow will be Wednesday, and as though that wasn't enough the bridge is rocking. Not, mind you, in any ordinary simple harmonic manner, but with an unexpected twisting motion, and you are about to give up and go home when two forms loom beside you. One of them is obviously a woman and so you can tell that this is going to be one of those nights. You can also tell that the woman is Gerty and this makes the bridge rock worse than ever. "It's a fine evening," you say clutching at the railing. Take it easy now, don't get personal, don't let her see what this means to you.

"It certainly is a fine evening," they agree and she giggles and slaps his hand. "Fresh!" You can see that John is in there good and solid and you might as well go back to the Maennerchor but you don't, you sit there and try to think of small talk.

"Have you been pretty stinkin lately?" you try to keep it bright, but somehow the words sound flat and your voice breaks at the end with a silly little chirp. That's not the way, come on now pull yourself together.

"We have both give it up," she twitters possessively, twisting John around her little finger, which is the first time that you have even seen this done in real life. "John and me is aiming to get hitched with the money we save."

So that is that and now you know the worst and you should scamthehell out of there, because this kind of story is supposed to end right here, but you still sit there, hanging on for dear life, because you have a sort of premonition that this story is going to be different.

Sure enough, a black sedan roars up the ramp from the train station, makes the corner on two wheels and comes tearing at you. Two sharp spurts of flame, and a body rolls at your feet. Dead. John makes it little gesture of resignation, and begins going through its pockets. You turn away nauseated. Gerty? She's gone! From far below comes a cry, a splash, a flutter of white.

"Gertie's down there." You keep your voice flat, he must never know how you feel.

"Tough tip." John was trying on the corpse's coat. He looked silly as hell with his coat and pants not matching.

O. K., if that's how he feels. You hold your nose and let go. Your lungs are bursting when you reach the surface. There she is. With a frenzied effort you reach the side of the boat and get one hand on the anchor chain. The little men are coming by much faster now and the beer cans, bobbing and clinking, are spread out across the river. Something strikes a responsive note in your mind, the whole thing begins to seem familiar. Very carefully you lift Gerty out of the water.

"Gerty, Oh Gerty, speak to me!" Why try to hide your feelings now?

"Han?" she leers at you, "Han, whatcher goter drink, studink?" It's not Gerty. Sadly and alone you clamber on deck and go below to where Philipe is waiting.

"Everything is set," you say to Philipe, keeping one hand in your pocket, "the guns are stored in the Dean's office."

A shadow of disappointment flickers across his face as you step over the trap door that has just opened at your feet.

"You are my so good friend," he says, pouring himself a drink and handing you the one that has been setting in front of him.

"And about the money," you smile, throwing the drink in his face.

"Ah, the money, my leetle Americano, there will be no money until Saturday, when I get back my lab deposits."

This is twice as bad as you had expected and you put both your hands in your pockets. The small brown dog that has been staring at a dead cockroach, leaves off long enough to bite you in the leg.

"No money," you scream, "until Saturday!" His evil face goes suddenly livid.

"No money," he hisses, "until Saturday."

So you shoot him twice in the stomach and go back up the hill because you have two eight o'clocks the next day.

But you will always remember Tuesday night as the night the bridge rocked, although what it rocked or who rocked it will remain a mystery.





ONE of the more cheerful notes on the campus is that the average Lehigh man is supposed to be smarter than the average college man taken as an aggregate whole. The test of the American Council on Education gives us that superior rating at practically no cost. Evidently we deserve it. So we shall establish that as a fact. O. K., we say, Lehigh men are smarter. But everyone knows that. Each freshman learns that when he first comes here as he eyes his classmates in wonder. Gradually he believes that he is smarter than the average run. After about two or three days of intense training he is ready to believe that he is smarter than *all* college students. A year brings him to realize that all Lehigh men are smarter than the smartest of any college. By the time he graduates, he feels so happy and so satisfied with himself that he bounds off the diving board of commencement and finds that somebody has pulled the plug.

It is very unfortunate that, although Lehigh men are pretty smart, they do much less thinking than most people. In fact, they get along amazingly well without doing any thinking at all. It is one of the current educational phenomena that almost everybody can go through Lehigh without one bit of thinking and maybe make O. D. K. besides.

All these are rash statements that are so easy to say and usually so hard to prove. Ever since 1929 or thereabouts there has been a discontented minority on the campus that grumbled persistently about the sluggishness of the student group. And surely enough, these mutterings have not pricked the famous Lehigh lethargy. Why? Because they made accusations that were quite apparent but could not be proved in fact. And so, ipso facto, they were false. After all it would be hard to prove that a corpse was stupid if the live man had never done anything. Comparing the Lehigh student group to a cadaver is not nice but we must remember that the comparison is in the lifelessness and not the odor.

Now the point in question is that the main body of Lehigh men do not do any of their own thinking. This is a highly regrettable fact, but true nevertheless for the most part. The proof, which is unique in Lehigh's history, comes from a curious source. Our Dr. Graham, acting head of the psychol-

ogy department, made a test of the attitudes of several representative samples of Lehigh student body of about one hundred and fifty men each. His main problem was to take the results of many scales on various attitudes and try to figure out some methods of measuring and comparing them. To do this he had to introduce new statistical techniques and methods of recording. The results are to be published in the *Journal of Social Psychology*, and as stated above, concern themselves with the improved methods of calculating the intensity of student attitudes from the numerical values assigned to them by the students.

Dr. Graham was not trying to stir up any trouble as we are. His article was pure science as far as we are concerned and the following opinions are ours and not his. We are highly grateful to him for giving us the statistics to use and we hope that such a diabolical use of his innocent figures will not detract from the genuine scientific value of his own experiments.

What we want to show here is that the Lehigh man is very inconsistent in his attitudes. This can only be explained by the statement that the Lehigh man (the average Lehigh man) does no thinking on his own part but merely accepts blindly what he has been taught. He takes as the gospel truth the word of those whose approval he seeks. He judges ideas by their source and not by their validity. As a result the poor unfortunate finds himself at sixes and sevens when he wants to answer a set of questions that require a certain amount of clear thinking.

In this paper we cannot condemn a man who believes in the sex mores of the church or, on the other hand, a man who believes in the legal liberalization of divorce and birth control. But we feel quite justified in

# THIS IS EVIDENCE

by Arts Man '40

A new kind of excursion into the inconsistencies of the Lehigh student body.  
A challenge with a background of fact.

becoming indignant when we read Dr. Graham's results and notice that as he tests his samples he gets a weight of opinion approving *both* ideas. In other words, there are a good deal of men who feel sure that the sex mores of the church are the proper thing and who also believe in birth control.

Frankly, it is this sort of thing that becomes unbearable and demands some sort of explanation. It is quite obvious that the sex mores of the church do *not* include legal liberalization of divorce and birth control. This is a clear and indisputable case of inconsistency in attitudes. It should be plain that there cannot be a majority opinion on both sides. From this we infer that ideas and attitudes are formed without thought. The source of these inconsistencies can be unearthed easily enough. Here we have the typical naive outlook on social problems. The student is surrounded by modern influences and so of course he wants liberal divorces. He goes to church as his father has done and so of course he believes in the sex mores of the church. Before these two ideas can jibe, it will require plenty of paring on both sides and the results will not closely resemble the originals. It shows that the student has no clear idea about the church or his religion. It shows that he is content with his immature attitudes. It shows that he prefers to get his thinking second-hand no matter what the results.

That and following inconsistencies of attitudes show that Lehigh men, on the whole, do not make their own decisions, that they are governed by the beautifully cultivated surroundings in which they were brought up.

It is our challenge that there is a serious deficiency of thinking on the Lehigh campus, a deficiency that ap-

# CABBAGES AND THINGS

How M. A. N. conquered the vast  
civilization of things.

by Frank Kemmer '39

**I**n the center of the lobby in Packard laboratory, quite alone, rests the First Packard Automobile; it takes the place of a fountain in a castle, an altar in a cathedral, a Greek statue in a museum, for it is much more appropriate. It is a machine.

Lehigh University has just been presented with an original paper by a former instructor in the Department of Archaeology and Dead Things explaining the whole situation of this F. P. A. and How It Got Where It Is.

Long ago, about 1,000,000 B. C., long before you were born, when the earth was still warm from the womb, there wheeled about this earth a highly developed race of Things. And these Things were all young and happy and loving and conservative and they were all the same, particularly their faces, or Raydeeyaters, as they are called in The Literature.

And these Things had no aim in life but to go down to the community marsh where they wallowed in oil and drank gasoline until late in the night; then they went home to cool off and all the way home from the Orgy, they would careen down the left side of the trail.

There developed among the Things quite a civilization, for they were happy and without care and without sense. And all went well until one eon, about noon.

It was a bright eon and the sun was shining and all the Things were lolling among the waving palms that is, all except one Thing, who had a queer twist, for he had wandered once to a strange marsh and had drank there of a strange and different and intoxicating liquid. And this particular Thing, which will hereafter be called F. P. A. for identification, wheeled off to his private marsh and began to drink. And suddenly he looked up and saw a queer machine on the opposite bank—a new and pale and two-pistoned machine. The machine was naked and bare but F. P. A. did not realize it.

F. P. A. gave a gleeful and happy snort; he kicked up his wheels, and he puffed over to the new and bare and two-pistoned machine, which, for the sake of convenience, will be designated as M. A. N.

"Whiiiiir, bududud, whiiiiir!" said F. P. A. (Note: This has been variously translated, but according to one authority, a literal translation would be, "OH! look what I have found!") A second authority, however, believes this is a particular dialect and is merely an expression such as, "Peace, brother, peace!" Other investigators believe that this opening speech of F. P. A. can be overlooked.)

And M. A. N. did not wheel away, but it moved its pistons like a well-oiled machine and worked its way to the top of F. P. A., which tickled F. P. A. no end. And out of the woods came a second M. A. N. which did likewise. And the second one was a little different but F. P. A. did not mind because he was happy and without care and without sense. Then went F. P. A. home, purring in his differential.

It was late in the eon when he returned but in those ages it was never too late to wake up the community with songs and shouts and explosions, which F. P. A. did. And the community wheeled and honked about in glee when the new pets were shown about, for the Things had been getting in a rut and the going was hard.



And the novelty of the machines called M. A. N.'s did not wear off. And soon there were three M. A. N.'s and then four and then a million and then more. And the Things laughed at them, for each of them was different and the Things knew that even

Things could not get anywhere if each of them was different. The M. A. N.'s would never get anywhere.

But the machine called M. A. N. soon became sick and tired of all the Things and the novelty wore off and the machines called M. A. N. began to forget the Things. And the Things became despondent and never wheeled anywhere except when a M. A. N. would take it and tickle it in the upper midsection. And soon the Things were without feeling and they were as slaves to the machine called M. A. N.

And that is how the machine called M. A. N. became lord over the Civilization of Things. And that is how any machines will always do, for though the change takes eons, it does not care if it takes eons, because it gets there just the same.

And F. P. A. is now in Packard lab. When the early American Indians built Packard lab, they found a huge beautiful piece of solid stuff like marble in the middle and they built Packard lab around it, thinking to sculpture the stuff when the lab was finished. But the thing was just a block of ice and it melted and there in the middle was F. P. A. with a naked and bare M. A. N. and its mate on the top midsection. And the Indians got rid of the two machines called M. A. N. because they foresaw a thing called University Policy, but they kept F. P. A. because he was rare.

When Junior returned from College, he brought more with him than a diploma.

"Pop," said he, "I'm in love."

"That's nice, son," said the Old Man, casually.

"I . . . I'm going to marry her," firmly injected the Offspring.

Up on his feet sprang the father. "You're what?"

"I said I was going to marry her."

The old man looked the girl over. She was, obviously, the most seductive, voluptuous, gorgeous, full-bosomed college widow east of Hollywood.

"But, son," pleaded Senior. "You can't marry her. You're young — too young to marry yet. 'Why, before I'd let her ruin your life I'd marry her myself.'"

So he married her himself.

—Temple Owl



# EVENING SHIFT

by Nelson Lewis '39

**B**USINESS was slow and I carried the broom with me as I walked down the rubber matting behind the counter to take his money. He was the last customer and I was glad to see him leave. Now I could sweep.

As he knotted his scarf, he said, "Gimmie a Phillie, bud," and put an extra nickel on the counter. I pushed the open box toward him and waited while he bit off the end of the cigar and lit it.

"Kinda quiet tonight," he said. "It's only seven-thirty and the place is deserted."

"We close up early," I said. "Besides, all the students went home. It's the end of exams, you know."

"Yeh," he said. "Guess they can't eat home and here, too, huh?"

I smiled. "No, I guess not," and as he left, I picked up the broom and began to sweep out the booths.

Johnnie stuck his head out of the kitchen and said, "Let's button the place up. I wanna see that show up the Globe."

"You're as good as there," I said, and began to sweep from under the stools at the counter.

I had swept half the dining room when the man came in. Johnnie said "dammit" as the door opened, but the man didn't hear him. I swept while he found a stool and didn't look at him. But when I brought him a glass of water I noticed that one of his eyes was the milky blue of a blind man's and one of the bows of his glasses was made out of electric light cable.

He was a little old man and meek, and when he said, "Could I have a nickel bowl of soup?" he sounded broken but not querulous.

Johnnie sized him up as a bum and told me, "Give him a bowl of soup free," and I ladled some soup that was still warm from the dinner. When he got the soup and crackers he asked for some bread and wanted to pay. When he heard that it was free he thanked me. He began to eat slowly.

As I started to sweep again he started to talk, but I didn't listen closely until he asked, "You're a student, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes. Why?"

He didn't answer, but said instead, "My boy went to Lehigh."

"He did? When was that?"

"Fifteen or twenty years ago. He's a good boy. He tries to help me out. He's out in Pittsburgh."

"What kind of work does he do out there?"

"He's an electrician. He makes good money, but he isn't working good. His wife don't like me though. She thinks I'm no good. Maybe I'm not."

When he finished he smiled a silly smile that would have seemed ingratiating if he had been my father. Johnnie stuck his head out the kitchen door at intervals so I went back to the kitchen to see what interested him and to get the dust pan.

As soon as I got in the kitchen, he said, "I seen that guy before. He used to work down the steel. He used to be a good machinist, but his wife died and he sorta went to pot. He's sorta nuts."

When I went back to the man I was more interested in what he had to say. Without any word from me he began to talk again.

"I just got back from Florida. Down there I worked in a restaurant like you. You know, I had a good boss. He gave all us dishwashers tickets to see Max Baer fight at Miama. He was a good boss."

"When did you go to Florida?"

"You see, my wife died. I had a daughter, see? She was no good. I threw her out of the house. I didn't want nothing to do with her. But they say somebody has to be the daddy of a whore. You know, my boy used to sit up on the grounds at college with his friends. He was a good boy. When his sister walked by they would whistle and say, 'There goes easy pickin's. I threw her out of the house.'"

I nodded and picked up the broom again. I didn't want to embarrass the old man with questions. But he wanted to talk.

Without complaining, he said, "This soup was kind of cold. Down in Philadelphia we used to get good meals at the mission for ten cents if we could pay. Some of the men could

pay, but didn't. They were bums."

I had begun to wipe off the counter when he started to talk again.

"My wife didn't want me to throw her out. My wife was sorry for her daughter. I guess she loved her. When I threw her out, my wife cried and got sick. Then she died. When she died I didn't want to work no more. I guess I'm no good."

The old man's story embarrassed me. I felt that I ought to sympathize but couldn't say anything. But I don't believe he wanted sympathy. He just wanted to talk.

When he got up to go I just said, "Goodbye, and better luck," and didn't think how silly it sounded until he left and I was cleaning up again.

I locked the door and went back to the kitchen. Johnnie had begun to scrub the soup can and I started to wipe some dishes.

Johnnie said, "If that old windbag hadn't come here, I could of been up to the show ten minutes ago."

"He's had a tough life, Johnnie. He's pretty well broken-up."

Then Johnnie said, Aw, he's nuts. Christ is he nuts!"

I didn't feel like arguing, so I cleaned up and went home to study.

She: "Let's have a kiss."

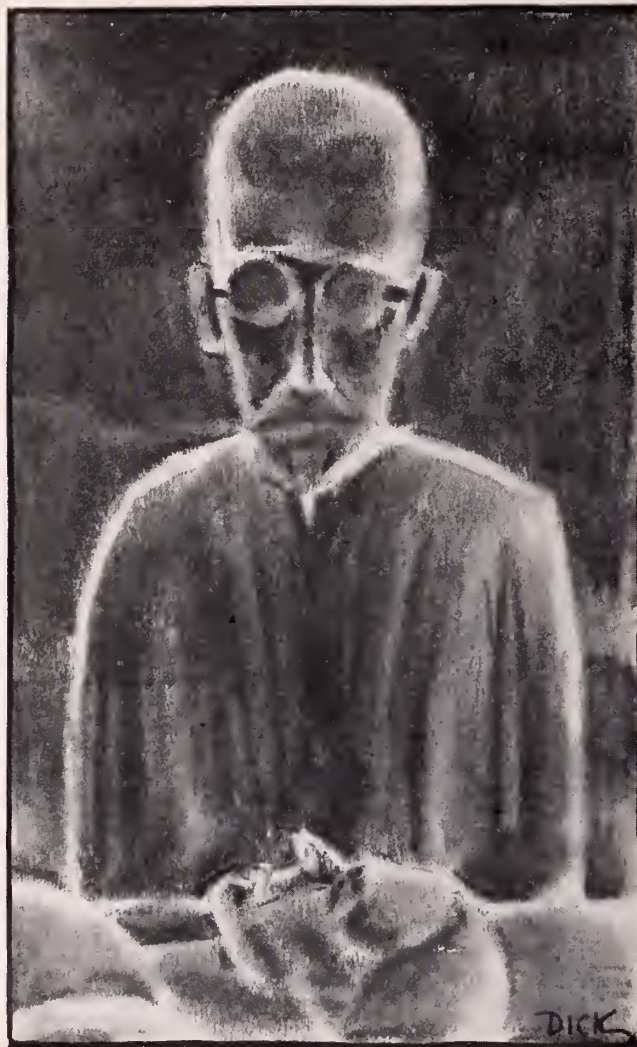
He: "Not on an empty stomach."

She: "Of course not. Right where the last one was."

—Voo Doo



"We call him 'Nearly' because he's all butt."



# ANATOMY LESSON

by Fred Galbraith, '40

*Illustrated by Dick Gowdy, '40*



Tall, round-shouldered, himself no prize dissection,  
 Professor Mentor stood before the class.  
 "Today we shall consider this cadaver,  
 Willed to us by a convict, electrocuted last week  
 In State's Prison,  
 Whose last wish was for atonement of his sins  
 Against society.  
 He directed that his body be given  
 To Science."

*Hail, Science in a long white gown;  
 Cold flesh, dry ink in dusty books.  
 Ballistics experts sent me to the chair.*



"We shall examine first the heart.  
 Its action at the instant of-ahem-  
 The death of this unfortunate-ahem-  
 Man  
 Was recorded on the electro-cardiograph  
 By permission of the deceased.  
 Attention, please—Mr. Gilder,  
 Instructor in Anatomy,  
 Will perform the dissection."  
*That heart beat fastest  
 When I kissed her first.  
 Beat for Love, Science—  
 But I guess love isn't scientific.*

"Next the consideration of an eyeball.  
 If you please, Mr. Gilder.  
 This is a general, incomplete dissection,  
 A simple introduction.  
 More specific work will follow in the lab.  
 Come closer, and observe the eye  
 Which Mr. Gilder has so kindly  
 Cut in half.  
 Marvel at iris, retina, lens  
 Like a little camera.  
 Nature is wonderful."

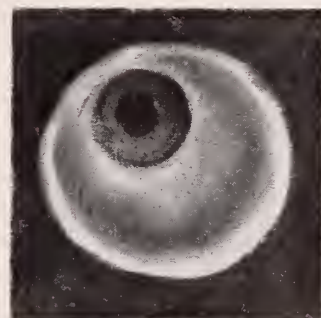
*Yes, Science, look at my eye.  
 Find if you can, preserved,  
 A summer sunset.  
 Observe closely that picture of the sea;  
 Behold her yellow hair, printed on the retina.  
 Or are you blind, Science?*

"Next, gentlemen, the biceps of the arm.  
 See how closely attached it is.  
 How easily it bends the arm, contracting,  
 Responding to an impulse from the brain.  
 Later on, you each may cut a biceps  
 Longitudinally  
 And transversely.  
 We shall require detailed reports  
 Upon the arm."

*Hail again, Science,  
 Peering in your high-powered microscope,  
 Blind as a bat, I swear.  
 I swam with those arms,  
 Climbed trees when I was a kid,  
 Ate, drove a car,  
 Used an axe with them.  
 Best of all, I held her in my arms.  
 Observe the biceps.*

"Before the bell rings, gentlemen,  
 A preliminary look at the brain.  
 Mr. Gilder has been busy with his instruments  
 And has trephined the skull  
 Knowing as you do the brain's importance,  
 Its central position in the nervous system,  
 I shall attempt no explanation  
 Before lunch.  
 Observe the surface of the cerebrum—  
 Ah! There's the bell,  
 Class dismissed."

*Well, Science, are you through?  
 I thought some great discovery would take place  
 On my remains.  
 Instead, beginners saw me.  
 No matter, Science has been served.  
 But could you find the bitterness  
 Inside that brain?  
 How about the neural impulse  
 That helped me pull the trigger?  
 I killed the sweetheart that I loved—  
 Can you tell me why, examining my brain?  
 Or tell me this about my crime against society,  
 Why didn't I stop  
 And think?  
 The preacher said if I repent  
 My soul is saved.  
 Where is that soul?  
 Why didn't you dissect it?  
 Could you find love, or hate,  
 Beauty,  
 Or even friendship  
 In that brain?  
 You want to learn about the Unknown, Science—  
 Did my brain show that overwhelming fear  
 Of the Unknown I felt before I died?  
 I've been learning more of Life than you have,  
 Science.  
 And when they pulled the switch, I heard a Voice  
 say  
 "Class dismissed."*



# Maybe He's Right

by Eric Weiss '39

"WHY," he asked, "do you sit there and nod your head smugly and say, 'Indeed,' and 'How interesting,' when I tell you of the thousands killed in China and of bombed babies in Spain? And why do you clean your nails and only look up occasionally when I show you pictures from Life and the New York Times, pictures of dead men and of bodies lying in blood in smashed buildings? Honest pictures that show the truth. Why are you so calm about it?"

And I say, "It is a forced calm. Certainly I am stirred and moved by your pictures of death. I am no stone. But you see, I have read old newspaper files, and I have seen stories of other years. Pictures and sworn statements of wholly sincere and honest men, (oh, yes, you are sincere and honest), pictures and stories of German atrocities in Belgium. Of babies without hands, priests hung as bell-clappers, children raped, prisoners tortured, torpedoed ships. And I have often felt that it was mostly anger and indignation over these things that led us into our last fruitless attempt to make the world safe for democracy and bankers' loans. So that is why I keep myself so cool about these deaths of which you speak, for I feel that in that way I can keep sane about this whole mess and be one with those who would keep my nation at peace."

"But do you think that the United States can isolate itself from the rest of the world?" and the scoffing tone of his voice implies the answer.

"I admit that I do not know. Every day people tell me that it can and every day people tell me that it cannot. But in my own opinion, I think that we can make a stab at it. I think that we have enough troubles of our own of great enough importance to hold our attention without going out to burn our hands in a bonfire that belongs to someone else. We can try leaving other people's troubles to other people and we can try to keep out of wars until they actually cross the three thousand miles of ocean that separates them from us. We can try to hold to our peace until we ourselves are actually and physically menaced."

"That," he taunts, "is not quite the

correct attitude for an internationalist or a believer in the world brotherhood of man."

"No," I admit again, "that is the attitude of an individualist. For I am a young man. I am not very old. I was twenty-one in September. And that means that my friends and I will be the ones to actually fight if we go to fighting again, and my friends and I will be the ones to die for whatever cause it is decided we must die for. But I have a strange desire to live and keep clear of death. For even if death is a part of life, I prefer to seek after death in my own way and for my own reasons and not in the way and for the reasons that another chooses for me."

"That is too bad," he tells me, joking a little. "For many things seem to indicate that in the very near future (if not today then tomorrow), someone will pick out a worthy cause and send you to die for it whether you will or not."

And sometimes I'm afraid he's right.

WE have another round to report in the battle between Richards House and the Administration. It appears very much that the university didn't know what it was stepping into when the dorm was built. There is a permanent state of siege between the boys on the fourth floor and the boys in the alumni memorial building. The latest incident ended in a draw.

About a month or two ago the godfather of the dorms (whoever he is) installed CCl<sub>4</sub> fire extinguishers on every floor for putting out fires and things like that. Well, the fourth floor boys aren't slow. Before the week was up all the nice CCl<sub>4</sub> was on the floor of the hall (fourth floor, of course) and rotting the linoleum pretty well. Then the fellows filled up the extinguisher with water and used it for other things like practical jokes.

There's some damned little thing in that kind of an extinguisher that ruins it after water is in so the boys were yanked down to the Dean's office and were not politely told that they had to buy a new one or else.

They agreed under compulsion and before the university could collect itself they scurried up to Richards House, up to the fourth floor and tore the old fire extinguisher off the wall and hid it. "If we have to buy them a new extinguisher, we're goin' to keep the old one, doggone it," they told us. So now the old fire extinguisher is languishing under somebody's mattress and the new one isn't up there yet. But the fourth floor boys are resourceful. Resting precariously in the extinguisher's wall bracket is a silly little milk bottle half full of water. They say it's water, but we think it's kerosene.

A friend of ours recently back from the big city gave us the inside dope on high-pressure salesmanship in the big department stores. Seems that he was idling around the drug department for lack of anything better when he chanced upon an interesting little conversation between a very earnest saleslady and an inquiring customer.

The customer was fingering a bottle of a nationally advertised product and obviously judging its merit in the serious way that women have. The sales lady was holding an almost identical bottle in her hands and shoving it toward the customer. The customer looked up and accepted the second bottle, weighing them in her hands meditatively.

The saleslady said, breathlessly, "This is our own brand, madam, it's much cheaper!"

The customer, though, had her faith in advertising and national prominence. She challenged, "Why should \_\_\_\_\_ cost more?"

This was a stumper for our saleslady. But she came through. She wrinkled her little brow and replied, "I guess it's better, that's all."

Everybody was satisfied. The lady bought Wanamaker's Own.

A cute little lass approached the floor walker and asked, "Do you have notions on this floor?"

The floor walker looked her over, and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during business hours."



## This Is Evidence . . .

from page eleven

parently is not being remedied by our educational institution. Before we get down to the nasty facts, let the reader realize that he may very well be an exception to the rule, but let him think of this carefully—there is an unfortunate tendency among college students toward disbelief in his own shortcomings; let him remember that the college stamp is not a stamp of approval on degenerate thinking.

Admittedly we have little to work on. We have only the results of the attitude rating scales of Dr. Graham. But they in themselves are something radically new on the Lehigh campus. Heretofore irritated complaints have been made about the lack of thinking done by the students, but none could be based on facts and they were laughed off as the mutterings of malcontents. It was commonly said that they "were only trying to stir up trouble" and that the discontented group represented a minority and therefore was of no importance. It is likely that some of the terms applied to Lehigh students were neither appropriate nor justifiable; but some of them *were* and to sweep the issue away with such brutal finality is essentially weak and not creditable to supposedly honest young men. But the accusers lacked fact and were thus impotent.

In the attitude tests of Dr. Graham we have references, not so much conclusive as informative, that imply that the general tendency on the campus is to accept ideas blindfold. This might be the first time that there was genuine and more or less concrete evidence that the student group failed in their duties to themselves as future citizens. The results give some background upon which to base the charges of the accusers who say that Lehigh men do not think. Such a statement even in the most obvious situations would be exceedingly hard to prove. A contribution towards proof, if it may be called so, genuinely exists here.

Dr. Graham, in his tests, might have been surprised to discover that 75.7 percent of the contributions to the ratio used favored *laissez-faire* (That is, 75.7 percent greater than chance would allow.) On the other hand, 75.8 percent greater than chance disputed the value of the sur-

of the survival of the fittest is a bit awry, but to us it walks hand in hand with a *laissez-faire* policy. In other words, if you tell the government to keep their hands off business and the economic situation on the whole, how are you going to keep the big ones from stepping on the little ones? That question is asked in all innocence. The Lehigh man says that he believes that the federal government should make no attempt to interfere with the grindings of big business not openly criminal, but at the same time that the weak should be protected from the strong.

The reasons for having two such inconsistent attitudes may come from a number of sources, but a rational explanation may not be a true one. In all probability, this illogical conflict comes from wishful thinking and a false idealism. If we work with the typical sample as we have to, we can see that the student is brought up in a carefully cultivated hotbed, watered every day with platitudes of the upper stratum. The question comes up—is it easier to throw away a platitude than to throw away the truth?

The essence of the argument is this: the Lehigh student comes from a class that has both economic and humanitarian instincts which are carefully combined so that the latter cannot possibly interfere with the former. The latter exists in words always and in actions sometimes. The former in actions always and words sometimes. Our average young man

continually trying to assume the role of an arbitrary divider of the returns of business. This was bad. And so, because this average young man had never been taught to look beyond his nose he obediently recognized his duties toward both humanity and his financial background. It is just unfortunate that at home the two responsibilities had never conflicted (that would have been dangerous) and he never realized that there might be a struggle between the two ideals.

It is quite possible that if he had a chance to answer now, he might be able to effect a plausible explanation of why these two principals might not be contradictory. But the horrible fact remains that he, at the time of the decision, did not recognize the fundamental discrepancies, and could just as easily make a similar mistake on the same question when it concerned something much more important than the evaluation of a question.

We must admit, however, that Lehigh does have its effect on its students. Labor would certainly not receive much encouragement in these ivy-clad halls. We may judge from the results that the students are divided in their attitude toward craft unions. When it comes to the vertical type or industrial union the boys are almost unanimous in opposition. We can just see the Lehigh student standing embattled against the background of his factory, protecting it from the gluttonous hordes of workers who are demanding a living wage. The fact that the modern vertical union is apparently the only solution to the problem of protecting the worker in the mass-production industry does not faze the Lehigh man.

He is even as rabid against the extension of collective bargaining. We fear that the students who took this test were brought up to hate words and not values. There is no healthy explanation for the attitudes of these Lehigh men. They signify a complete reaction to all the hard-fought gains of labor since one man had to depend on another man for his bread. We think it highly unfortunate that men graduating from Lehigh, and who will hold great power over masses of workers, should adopt such a pig-headed attitude toward the rights of labor. Again we say that these attitudes are only indicated by the results of tests given to select



who took this test realized, bless him, that the weak must be protected against the strong. He had always been taught that. He had also been taught that the government was con-

## The Fool...

from page seven

against the wall and watching her.

"And he is the eldest son of the king of England," she added, drawing a comb through her hair and smiling as she spoke. For a moment she had forgotten that she was speaking to a Fool.

"Then this is the one?"

"What is that to you?" The lady turned and looked at the Fool and surprised him before he could cover his face with his stupid look.

"Beauty is a candle burning," the Fool said, spreading his hands and looking vacant.

The lady narrowed her eyes and again she thought for just a moment that this Fool knew more than anyone suspected, but the fit passed.

"You forget your position," she told him and even as she spoke she opened the large tome on her desk. From where he stood the Fool could see the page heading *Love Potions*.

"Your father," he said, "wants to see you as soon as possible."

"I'll be there immediately."

"He wants to see you too."

The lady looked up from the potion she was mixing. "I have seen a man who knew too much have his tongue torn out," she mentioned casually.

"But he was no Fool."

"No," she admitted, "that may have been his trouble."

That night at supper, the Fool saw the Lady Alicia open her hand over the young knight's goblet. The Fool reached clumsily for the bread and tipped the goblet off the table. He picked it up and gazed into it stupidly.

"It's empty," he declared. The knight laughed heartily for by now he had formed the habit of laughing at what the Fool said and he was not to be shaken out of it easily. One of the castle dogs lunged over and lapped at the puddle of wine. Then he sat down beside the Lady Alicia, laid his head on her knee, and gazed at her soulfully in spite of her kicks.

After supper the castle began to get cold and servants lighted the guest, and the lord, and the lady to their rooms. The Fool wrapped himself in his patched cloak and curled up in front of the fire. In the middle of the night he saw one of the men-at-arms, a close buddy of Lord Bar-

nol, pass silent-footed through the great room and turn down the hall that led to the young knight's room. He carried his sword unsheathed. Shortly there was a brief scream and a splash in the moat. Almost immediately the young knight, also walking silently, went through the room in the opposite direction and turned down the hall that went to Lord Barnol's room and also passed by Lady Alicia's door. The strange thing was that although he was dressed for bed he was carrying the sword that had belonged to the man-at-arms. The Fool pretended to be asleep and did it so well that he really was asleep by the time the knight returned.

The next morning the Fool went up to Lord Barnol's office, because the biggest fire in the house was there and it was a cold morning. The lord and Lady Alicia were talking there and the Fool settled quietly in the chimney corner without being noticed.

"But I'm still not sure that he is the king's son," Lord Barnol was insisting. "If he is, there is no problem. If he is not, then we are being taken in by an adventurer. I sent a man to his room last night to search his things and to see if there was anything to show who this fellow is, but my searcher turned up in the moat this morning, quite dead. I don't like it."

"What's one man-at-arms more or less," the Lady Alicia shrugged. "But I'm sure this young knight is the king's son. He looks so regal."

"He looks just like any swineherd when his clothes are off," the Fool put in.

"That's true," the lady admitted before she thought what she was saying. Then she had the decency to

blush briefly until she saw that her father hadn't understood at all.

"No," said his lordship, "we'd better wait until we get some definite proof that he is the king's son before we let him marry you."

"Oh, how can you be so suspicious of him? He is obviously the king's son." The Lady Alicia was getting keyed up and the Fool saw what was coming. He had seen Barnol family riots before and he figured he had about four minutes to work in. Quickly and soundlessly he got out of the room and down to where the young knight was doing in the better part of a ten-pound piece of pork for breakfast.

"Sir Knight," the Fool said humbly, "Lord Barnol requests your presence in his office as soon as you can come. He wishes to speak to you on a matter of greatest importance."

"Ah," said the knight, wiping his mouth and forgetting to laugh, "he has a favorable answer for me, I have no doubt. Lead on, Fool."

Shambling rapidly, the Fool conducted the knight up to the office. He had timed it just right and the fight was at its peak when they got to the door.

"Wait," the Fool stopped and touched the young knight on the arm before he opened the door hangings. "A man who listens will hear." The knight was impressed by the change in the Fool's attitude and he stopped.

"You blathering old fool," the lady screamed, her voice cutting sharply, "who do you think you're talking to? One of your bloody crawling peasants? You're talking to a lady, see, and you'll use respect even if I am your daughter, you pig-mongering old money grabber."

"By God," the lord's voice came back, out of control, "you ungrateful wanton. You'll marry anybody I want you to marry and be glad I'm kind enough to try to find a man to take you."

There was a woosh and a pewter plate skimmed through the door-hangings and crumpled against the wall.

"Hellion!" Lord Barnol shouted and there was the clank of a goblet against wood.

"Ohhhh," the lady screamed. The hangings flew apart and Lord Barnol, scampering like a mouse, dashed out of the room two steps ahead of his daughter with her finger nails out to their full length. The pair passed the



"Don't you just hate conventionality?"



listeners at the door and flew down the hall.

"Judas," said the young knight, "do they do that much."

"Not often," the Fool reassured him, "maybe three times a day."

"Good God, and I almost married her."

"But think of the two hundred and fifty full-blooded hogs to say nothing of the quarter of the manor."

"Even that's not worth living with a hell on wheels," the young knight told him.

"She is beautiful," the Fool said, watching the knight's every reaction.

"I'm getting out of here," the knight said.

"She will miss you."

"I can't help that. I'm going." The knight paused a moment and looked at the Fool. "Wait a minute, are you the Fool or are you not?"

"I say what I see," The Fool said quietly.

"But you see much."

"Too much."

"And you speak very wisely on occasion."

"Occasionally."

"But why do you play the Fool so much?"

"I am the Fool. I do my job as well as I am able."

"Why did you do this for me?" the knight asked, suddenly seeing part of the pattern of what had happened.

"Beauty," the Fool repeated, "is a candle burning and there is no reason to a man's love. A Fool too may be jealous."

"The Lady Alicia?" the knight asked, surprised but beginning to understand.

"Even a Fool can love his lady."

"In spite of all you know about her and in spite of the way she treats you?"

"I love her." The statement was simple and the Fool spoke it simply and gravely.

"Then," said the young knight as he started for the main door, "you are a fool indeed."

"I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September."

—Log

## Four Year Kaleidoscope . . .

from page nine

bodies satiate the thirst of college boys, nice boys. Empty heads but not so empty pockets. Heredity and environment. Everyone trying to have a good time, so hard. Jazz and swing, solid senders, good stuff, sure stuff, lips, bodies having a good time. Don't cry. Just close your eyes with the lids open and grow a shell and have a good time.

Now the whole damn college is down a well with life spinning crazily around the rim. But the sides are steep, slimy.

And so you are back up the hill with the stale taste of beer in your mouth.

Burn the books this semester. Get an average. Don't let it bother you. But you are nervous and you can't study. You are mechanical and you don't bother to think.

It is about time to settle on your *philosophy of life*. Everyone has one. Something rounded off and smoothed down. And for a week it's all very cozy, but you read Sherwood Anderson by mistake and in the morning you look at yourself in the mirror and you are grotesque. There is the stale taste of beer in your mouth.

Anyway, people *don't love life, love living*.

And now you are a senior and "have to think about what you will do when you get out." You would like to hide away from yourself and the world that rattles along outside: but you've been here four years and you are *nobody*.

Squeezed through courses, wasted time, drank beer, dated town girls,

should have dated nice girls, what are nice girls . . .?

Don't start that again.

Dad has a place for you in industry, big business, roaring dynamos, feel yourself part of big *success*. Nothing like it son. Follow in old man's footsteps.

How's your activities record. Wasted your time. Get out in industry and get ahead and be somebody. Other fellows do it don't be queer. You'll have to wake up sometime.

We have given you four years of college and you still don't read the front page, financial page, sport page be up on things and get going.

It is up to you.

You are blind and you don't see the well anymore. Or you don't want to. Kick yourself for not having gotten all you could out of your courses the profs weren't so bad. Might have held a few offices if you had tried. Looks good to wear a varsity sweater. Well you made a few good contacts. Keep in touch with the Alumni groups: helps to know someone in business. Smile. Big business doesn't want any monkeying around. Got to settle down and make something of yourself. Smile: show the lady your pretty white teeth. Get a hold of yourself hitch your wagon to a star and every day in every way you are getting better and better.

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# The Little Folk

by Walter Vogelsburg '41

EVERY man, at some time or other in life, has had occasion to see visions of a world of people other than our own. It may be that he has seen them on a bright summer day when a passing wind brings with it a myriad of tiny folk gamboling about and frolicking on the stones and in the water. Or it may be that they are building tunnels in the snow on a cold winter night to keep themselves warm. I had the good fortune to meet these people one day in the solitude of my study. Of course, I did not actually meet them, for they were not conscious of my presence, nor, fortunately for them, did they realize that I was deriving untold pleasure from viewing their revelry. For the life of me I cannot remember the date on which I saw them, though I have a clear memory of the scene and all that transpired.

I do not feel that I have a right to tell you all that I saw. It would not be fair to them, for they might rather have you see them differently. Still I do not think that they would mind my telling you of one particular incident.

They were in the fields harvesting grain. Now their grains grow differently than ours. They plant yellow, strawy reeds in the ground in mid-winter and a deep maroon sunlight causes the stalks to grow smaller and fatter until the entire stalk is underground and in the shape of a little ball. By this time it is spring and the little grains pop out of the ground like a lot of little hailstones and lay there ripening to a rich green in the almost pure white spring sun.

They were gathering these rich little globes in odd, spoon-shaped implements when I saw them. Suddenly, as if by an unspoken signal, they all put down their little spoons and lay down on the ground to rest themselves. One girl in particular had set down her spoon against the little pile of stones that marked the edge of a set of grain fields. I could see from where I stood that the tool had not been put there any too firmly. The weight of it pushed one of the

stones out of the pile and sent it rolling down the hill. This left the spoon unbalanced and it soon tumbled after it.

The girl, seeing this, ran as fast as she could in an effort to catch it. All too quickly the spoon came to the edge of the field and fell down into the little brook that lay below the precipice. She followed close behind and tried to stop when she saw what had happened, but she stumbled and fell headlong over the cliff. I wanted to move to pick her up, for I saw that she had been hurt badly, but I could not, for there was something invisible that kept me out of that world.

Then I spied a young man running down the hill toward the scene. It seemed to me that he was the only

one who saw her fall. He made his way rashly down a widening path to her side and picked her up gently. I could see by the longing look in her eye that she had been hurt too badly and was beyond hope. A tiny tear glistened on her cheek and the beautiful blond curls lay on his arm.

And then I knew why he alone had run after her down the hill, for as her poor eyelids closed, pushing a tiny tear out of each eye, the little fellow suddenly became strangely weak and laid her down on a little pillow of moss and fell lifeless to her side.

Whenever I have a memory of these two little lovers I experience a queer, wonderful sorrow in my heart to think that there could be a love so strong that the one soul could not live without the other.

•

He: Let's get married?"

She: "All right."

(A long awkward silence.)

She: "Why don't you say something?"

He: "I've said too much already."

—Blue Jacket

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## Five Good Reasons . . .

from page eight

ern Intercollegiate title so frequently in the past decade.

The winner of 74 different open amateur wrestling tournaments in England and Scotland, Sheridan began his coaching career at the University of Pennsylvania in 1910 but came to Lehigh in 1911. During his 28 year sojourn on the Lehigh campus his wrestlers have won 128 meets, lost 63 and tied 3.

Lehigh gained its first Eastern Intercollegiate title in 1929 and has maintained it except in 1930, 1936, and 1937. In addition three Lehigh wrestlers, Jim Reed, Ben Bishop and Howell Scobey have won places on the United States Olympic teams.

But to sew up the 1939 title, if it still needs sewing up, Lehigh will have strong contenders in the other classes. Rabold and Oless stepped through the crystal ball with second place awards although just where Frank Burnett, last year third place winner at 118, will finish is a real mystery.

Pickett maintains the brother tradition at Yale in the heavyweight class and he may be able to achieve what his brother nearly achieved in the heavyweight division as he tries for his first title this year. Pickett threw Rabold in the dual meet at Yale and this seems enough to give him the nod for first in his division. However, Rabold has been improving with every appearance and he may make things exciting for the Yale heavy. At any rate Rabold should be able to repulse George Hooper, the Syracuse threat,



to gain second place. Bartoll of Columbia has a victory over Blasgow of Cornell but Hooper accounted for the Blue and White heavyweight in a recent match, and this performance seems to give Syracuse third place in this division.

The lower weight classes are always most difficult to judge because

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A L L E N T O W N

## This Is Evidence . . .

from page seventeen

samples of about 150 students each which Dr. Graham felt to represent in an approximate way the sentiments of the Lehigh student body.

There is always a time of reckoning when pretended ignorance reaches around and kicks somebody in the seat of the pants. The dying group on the campus could well stand some such jolt. This soft life that is inherited from a wealthy background is not always conducive to the best democratic ideas.

If the student does not stand on his own feet in college, when will he? So far he has been lethargic to the extreme, distrusting the smell of newness and the peepings of the minority and obviously avoiding them delicately. They have become caked with reaction, indifference and self-complacency and, like the White Queen have to run as fast as they possibly can to stay in the same place.

•  
Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

—Scope

•  
Math. Prof.: "Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more."

—Gargoyle

•  
"Answer the telephone!"  
"What did it say?"

•  
One paint can to another:—  
Dear, I think I'm pigment.

—Voo Doo

•  
NEW ANGLE  
Absence makes the mark grow rounder.

—Record

•  
Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

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Lady: "O. K., I'll take the divan."

—Medley

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**Five Good Reasons . . .**

from page twenty-one

of the interchanging of weights but Burnett and Oless should place somewhere regardless of what happens.

Bob King of Penn State appeared to be the most serious contender for the 121 pound crown but that probation took him out of the ranks after he had defeated Foshay of Princeton. Otherwise Foshay is undefeated at this weight. Mallon of Yale is coming along well but Mathers of Cornell will annex the championship if he wrestles at this weight. Mathers has wrestled in the 128 pound class once but Hammond of Yale proved too much for him.

If Mathers stays in the 121 class he should retain his title with Foshay taking second unless Burnett can do something about it. If not Frankie will be battling it out with Mallon of Yale for third place.

Yale has the best chance of taking the 128 pound crown with Hammond undefeated in this class. Hammond has victories over Joe Oless and Craighead of Penn State. Ebert of Princeton has a victory over Frost of Columbia at 136 but in a 128 pound match Craighead defeated Ebert and Oless defeated Craighead in a recent dual meet. After all this it seems like Hammond, Oless and the field in that order.

All of which sums up the wrestling which will take place on March 10 and 11 at Yale, so now you won't have to worry about going up to see just what will happen. Barring injuries Lehigh will have five champions, two second places, and a sufficient number of points to soothe even the gloomiest pessimist.

If you don't go to Yale though, and everything doesn't pan out exactly as related, don't go to the armory for some of those new fangled automatic rifles the military department has sprung on the sophomores because . . . Lehigh will be the winner of the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling championship anyway . . . and we have a one way ticket to Oshkosh.

Prof. Bratt: "Order gentlemen!"  
Class: "Beer."

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### Disc Data

from page five

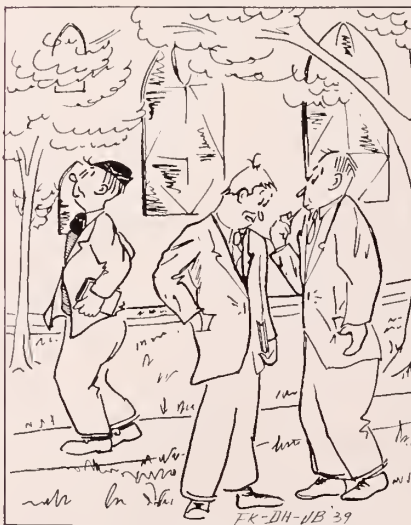
Coleman Hawkins, Charlie has developed a terrific technique and imagination plus a guttural negroid tone that sends him right out of this world. His debut piece is appropriately enough the most noteworthy jazz composition of the year, Bob Haggart's *I'm Praying Humble*. Beside's Charlie's sax Bob Burnett and Johnny Medell do good work with muted growling trumpets. Other side introduces vocalist Judy Ellington in *I Get Along Without You Very Well*.

Decca Briefs

John Kirby and his Onyx Club boys turn in a neat piece of work with a sure fire song hit, *Undecided*, written by their trumpet man Charles Shavers. The swing is smooth and the solos show plenty of stuff with top honors going to trumpet man Shavers. This outfit shows that colored swing need not be loud nor "dirty". Pianist Billy Kyle wrote and shines in the complicated backing *From A Flat To C*. Ella Fitzgerald has four typical sides *Woe Is Me*; *Strictly From Dixie*; *Who Ya Hunchin'*; *Got A Pebble In My Shoe*. All of these will suffice for a Fitzgerald fan with *Pebble* the most fun and *Woe* the prettiest.

Woody Herman produces a cleverly  
page twenty-seven, please

•  
"Are you a good carpenter?"  
"Yes."  
"Then how do you make a Venetian blind?"  
"Stick your finger in her eye."  
—Scope



"It's no use rushing him, the medical fraternity has him all sewed up."

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## THE FABLE OF THE FOOLISH KING

from page four

machinery was installed and all the unnecessary workman were thrown out and they waited patiently until after the "period of adjustment" when everything would be "straightened out." The farmers, who had been urged to grow more, threw away their crops and waited for the revival of consumption. But it never came. A lot of people died before they became adjusted. Some of them became very angry. But nobody became as angry as the young king. He was sore as Hell.

Nothing was working out right. The men that were fired stayed fired, and the men that were kept worked just as long and just as hard. It seemed that the only people who were making any money were the ones that were running the machines and firing the unnecessary workers. That was when they found out how stupid he really was.

Since there is so much new and better machinery, it is quite obvious, he said, that we do not need all our people to do manual labor. Therefore the people that are benefiting so tremendously from these machines should help to pay to keep the rest of the people alive by means of taxes. Then the government can hire these people to do good and valuable service to the commonwealth. If they aren't needed to produce, something must be done with them.

He said that since the people that were fired didn't benefit by being fired, by God he'd make them benefit. And so he took all the profits that the manufacturers made by installing new equipment and he used that money to build better homes for the poor and to widen cultural life of the people and build better playgrounds for the children. As soon as he took some of these "excess profits" away from the manufacturers, the people started to howl, because they knew, you see, that what was good for industry was good for them and vice versa. Nobody ever found out why but everybody knew it was true.

That move was fatal for him. At once every economist in the country accused him of forgetting his former promises. This blast quite astonished him. After all, he thought in his simple way, this is exactly what I promised them. They couldn't make it work themselves, so I made it work for them. I've done something in fact that those economists could only do on the blackboard. You all can see how stupid he was.

Now this is where the very wise man comes in. This is the fellow we talked about in the beginning of the story before we got wrapped up in the foolish monarch. This man was old and very, very smart. He had a long, white beard and therefore his word was taken without question. In this little kingdom long beards were an undeniable sign of intelligence. Nobody ever dared to argue with a "longbeard". Most of them were very good friends of the big factory owners. But the man we're talking about had a beard that was longer than anyone else's and his word was much more important because his beard was so much longer.

The wise man wrote a long paper in which he said many things. He said that what this country needs is less taxes and more jobs. That sentence alone proved his point. The king had no rebuttal for that. He said that the only way to prosperity is that everybody should save, and then everybody could produce much more and the cost of living would go away down. The government should stop spending the people's money by employing men in public projects. There would be plenty of work to go around.

As the people heard these words of wisdom, little groups began to form and before anyone knew it, there was a revolution. The people, a little dubious in their hilarity, installed the wisest man as president and the foolish monarch was never heard of again. As soon as the wise man was sworn into office, he fired all the people who had been employed in national projects and waited for them to be rehired by business. And he waited and he waited and he waited . . .



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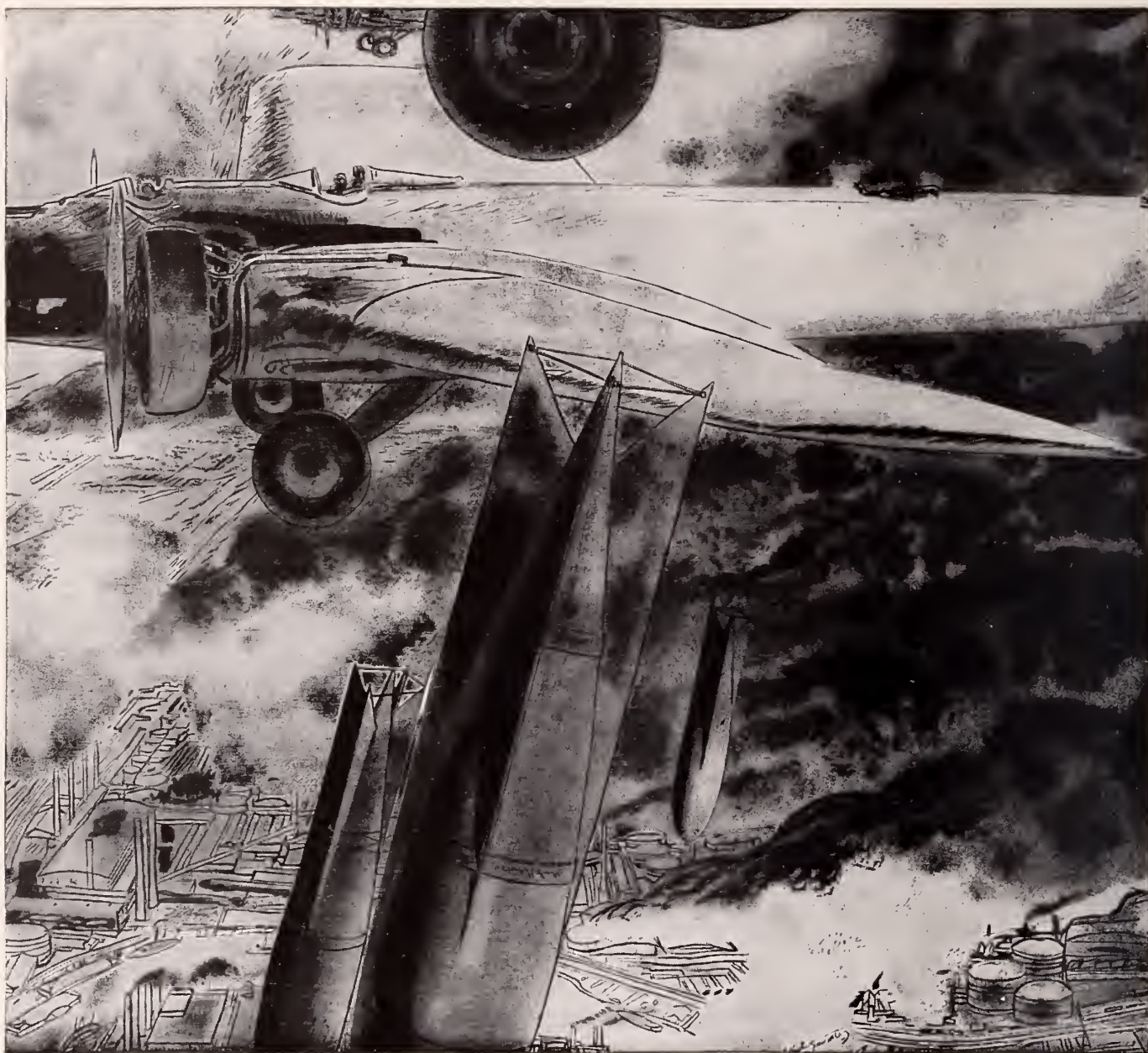
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Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—*all* of us.

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**627 Main****Disc Data**

from page twenty-four

arranged opus in *Indian Boogie Woogie*. The band captures the spirit and color of a slightly off-color blues. Reverse, *Blue Evening*, is a slow danceable tune with Woody doing the vocal. Jimmy Dorsey goes sweet with a vengeance in *Room With A View* (a second *Change Partners*) backed by *Kinda Lonesome* featuring Jimmy's sax and Bobby Bryn tromboning. Will Osborne exhibits hitherto hidden talent in *Down Home Rag*. The Andrews Sisters have waxed their most original and best ditty, *Hold Tight*. It's a sure best seller and whackier than all hell.

*Brunswick and Vocalion*

Cootie Williams (Vo.) beautifully plays one of the Duke's best compositions, *Delta Mood*. It's a slow blues with Cootie's fierce muted, yet subdued trumpet exemplifying the true meaning of the blue in Hot Jazz. Johnny Hodges leads a small group in *Hodge-Podge* and *Wanderlust*. Both are Ellington compositions worthy of listening.

Gene Krupa really shows he has arrived in *Lightly and Politely*. (Br.) Catch the trumpet. His killer-diller is *Bolero At The Savoy* and tastily done too. Real stars of the band are Milt Raskin on piano and a unknown trumpeter, with negroid tenor man Donahue getting his share of the licks.

Don't miss Bobby Hackett's small combination in *A Ghost Of A Chance* (Vo.) These boys sure work together and the blend behind Hackett's pretty trumpet is perfect.

Lunceford supplements his other recording with *Le Jazz Hot* and *Rain-in'*. First is a neatly swung, well arranged swing tune and reverse is a sentimental ballad sung by Dan Grissom. Red Norvo does a smooth job with *Undecided*. Teddy Wilson and Billie Holliday add to their list of excellent sides with *You're Gonna See A Lot Of Me*.

*Victor and Bluebird*

Artie Shaw, swingdom's new king, keeps up his record output with *Room With A View*; *They Say*, *Jungle Drums*; *It Had To Be You*. Shaw's refreshing style predominates *You and Say*. First has a good solo by Georgie Auld and his guttural sax moanings which are currently the most imitated in the country, while Tony Pastor does equally well in *Say*.

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**ASK FOR STEVE****Disc Data**

Beny Goodman swings rather well in *Undecided*, although most of the credit goes to the tune and tenor man Jerry Jerome. Tommy Dorsey keeps his recent high standards with *Hawaiian War Chant*, a swell Dean Kincaide arrangement of a war dance. Also Tommy has just recorded Bix Biederbeck's immortal *Davenport Blues*. Best solos on both of these recordings are given by Yank Lausen's hot trumpet. This boy is really the impetus behind the band.

Don Redman has returned with a whole slew of recordings. Most noteworthy are *Margie* (Bl.) and *Auld Lang Syne* with swell chorus work by the band in vocalizing. Stay away from Redman's vocal in *Ya Got Me*. For real kick and honest-to-goodness sock listen to Lionel Hampton's *Down Home Jump* and *Rock Hill Special*. Lester Young in *Jump* and Lionel's two-fingered piano in *Special* are the cats. Larry Clinton is plagiarizing in a big way again with a *Study In Green* and *A Study in Red*. However that doesn't stop the solos from being enjoyable.

A real thrill comes from Maxine Sullivan's renditions of *It Ain't Necessarily So* and *Night and Day* (V.) The girl really seems to have found herself, lost that affected air of sentimentality and really throws her soul into the melodies.

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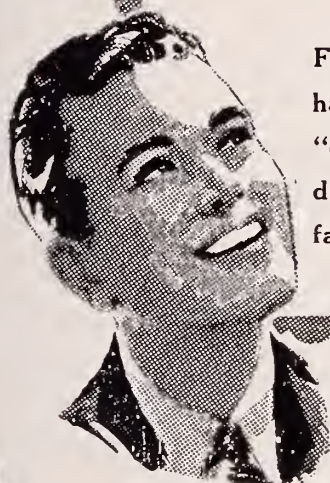
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